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Progress of The Campaign.

At this writing Mr. Morris and the Democracy seem to be in the shadows, the light of the church having turned away from them. It seems that Elder Musser knew which way the cat was to jump, while Mr. Bruce Johnson remained in the dark. The final deciding factor, it seems, was the statement that if the church used its influence to elect a Democrat mayor, Senator Smoot, on returning to Washington, would be confronted with the statement that the Republicans of the chief city of Utah had repudiated him and slapped in the face the President of the United States and all those faithful Senators who, being convinced of the almost superhuman purity of Apostle Smoot, had voted to sustain him in the Senate. Another whisper is that Colonel Loane, Utah's member of the national Republican committee, finally got on the rampage and declared that if Salt Lake did not cast its full Republican vote for Dr. Plummer, "I will quit, yeh!" Again, a committee of two Gentiles called upon President Smith and the spokesman of the committee, with tears in his voice and simulated sorrow in his tones, wanted in God's name to know if he and his party were to be left orphans on election day. It is said that Niobe in tears was but as a dancing sprite by comparison. Finally President Smith, who had at first favored Mr. Morris, seeing the futility of getting the Republicans in line for him, and dimly seeing that to disintegrate the Republican party this year would in Washington establish the real truth that the Mormon chiefs have no use for either of the old parties except to play them for suckers, turned his face away from Mr. Morris and beamed upon Dr. Plummer. It is hinted, too, that the doctor knew all this before he consented to accept the nomination for mayor, and that when he declared that no Republican could be elected he was "jest a-foolin'."

The rumor goes further that certain Gentile Democrats have been placated by a promise that this shall be the last year, for a good while, of their humiliation; that substantial rewards shall be their portion next year; that the seating of Senator Smoot imposed certain obligations upon the church which it cannot get out from under this year.

It leaves both the old parties in a position to cause generous men to pity them. The grand old party of Lincoln and McKinley, the other

grand old party of Jefferson and Jackson, the party whatever its sins and mistakes was never charged with cowardice, here in Utah begging favors and petty spoils from a prophet who under oath declared he had never had a revelation. Surely the situation for both is most humiliating. And some of these supplicants were once of the stalwart stock who claimed that an enemy of the country was their enemy, and that they would cry out for justice until their prayer should be answered.

As the campaign is now drifting it seems that the struggle on election day will be to elect Dr. Plummer and a fused council ticket in some of the wards, the hope being to get enough Republican and Democratic councilmen to make together a majority. "To this complexion has it come at last."

Meanwhile the American party is moving on, gaining in confidence and votes every day, firm in the belief that it will win, no matter what combines are fixed up against it, for its only demand is for a square American deal, and the on-sweeping progress of the city gives it a slogan which cannot be stifled.

This I. W. W. Scurvy Crowd.

The labor unions of this city and state should hint to the representatives of the I. W. W. organization that their absence from this state would be hailed as a good thing. They cast an insult on honest labor when they affect to speak or act in its holy name. They are to honorable labor organizations what barnacles are to a ship. They have no object except to catch on and get a free ride, and should be treated as the ship barnacles—scraped off. When one of this crowd comes around, look at his hands. They invariably show two distinct features—absence alike of any signs of either labor or soap.

The I. W. W. is an invention conceived by loafers to avoid work and to live on the sweat-drops of honest toil. But they are more than loafers—they are criminals. So soon as they get a foothold, and feel strong enough to fully assert themselves, they care nothing for law and are willing to counsel any violence to carry their points. The moral is, do not let them get the foothold.

When they come and open their mouths, they at once become good subjects to test the vagrant law on. They have made infinite trouble wherever they have succeeded in establishing their disorder. They have been the bane of San Francisco for years; they have been the cause of most of the hell that for a year past has blighted Goldfield, Nev.

Their affected solicitude for poor workingmen and women is but their form of appeal for graft. They neglect their hands and work their mouths. Their weapons are intimidation, the boycott, and finally violence. Their plan is to influence foolish men and silly women; get them to join their organization and then at once begin to levy assessments. The assessments are what they want. The more discontent they can engender, the better are they suited, for then they can plead the last excuse for a criminal loafer—persecution.

All employers should say to their employees:

"If you are importuned to join this order, please remember three things: (1) It was started by men who never did an honest day's work if they could avoid it; (2) wherever it has gained a foothold it has made endless trouble for both employers and employees; (3) it violates the laws, for it takes from its dupes the right of contract, and involves them in a combine in restraint of trade, and if any of you finally decide to join the sinister crowd, look to some other place for employment, for I will never permit my business to be dictated by criminal loafers."

In the meantime the police should be on the alert to see that these "representatives" while here walk the straight and narrow path, or accept the city's hospitality until some extra hoses and picks for the chain gang can supply them with needed exercise.

The Conference.

The conference of the Mormon church this October was an interesting one. The crowd far exceeded in numbers any previous conference, and while there were no startling episodes, there was much that was entertaining.

In his opening discourse President Smith meant to be gracious and to talk in a Christian spirit. However, when he referred to "the enemies of the church" he flashed out a little and intimated that while he bore no malice, he would no more associate with those enemies of the church than he would take a serpent or tarantula to his bosom. But on the whole he held himself in hand better than usual, though he reminded those who had heard the story of the Irishman who, when in his cups, was wont to hire a fiddler to play Boyne Water, just to see how long he could stand it. Had his address lasted another half hour there is no telling what pyrotechnics would have been set off. An apostle, Hyrum Smith, if we are not mistaken, in his declamation declared that through all the years since the church was founded not one tenet had been changed or surrendered, not one principle changed or abandoned, because the church was founded on a rock and could not be shaken.

Elder Roberts made an address which was most tame for him, and gave the impression to the great congregation that in his judgment the Lord had made a mistake in not inspiring President Smith to name him to fill the vacant apostleship. The worst of it is that the apostolic council as now made up are strong men physically and it is liable to be a good while before there is another vacancy. And by that time several scions of the first families will be of age to be promoted and Mr. Roberts must have noted that the Lord has a leaning toward first families.

Apostle Whitney delivered a discourse in which he delivered an apostrophe on the perfect freedom of the Saints and declared without a blush that the Mormon faith as founded and as practiced today was a renewal of the religion which the Savior taught when on earth. "And the Savior went about doing good" and "had not where to lay His head." The vividness of Apostle Whitney's imagination does not dim, does not even mellow, with age.

"Tony" Ivins was named an apostle to succeed